THE DIALOGUE EXPERIMENT -ALIVE WRITING

(decent)

complete

Yoshi leaned against the brick wall, casually and free care, scrolling through her phone she laughed at few message sent by her grandmother earlier . The evening air was thick and warm and without mercy, night was approaching. Misty falls for known from crime after sunset , so the clock was ticking. Across the street, Maya was walking towards her, a bright yellow Gucci bag swinging from her shoulder. her home girl, Called Meme by some or Maya by others, she was a close friend from around the way.

“Hey, Girl,” Yoshi called out, not looking up immediately.

Maya reached her, dropping her bag with a soft thud. “Hey boo, she said to Yoshi. You won’t believe the drama at the bus stop today.”

Yoshi finally looked up, her eyes wide with mock seriousness. “Spill it. Was it the usual homeless guy arguing with the pigeons, let me stop?” she had a dark sense of humor and a pessimism that would not end.

Maya laughed, a quick, breathy sound. “Worse. It was about a free sample of suspiciously purple soda and chips, But forget that. You look jumpy. Everything okay?”

“Yeah, I guess if you want to call it that ,” Yoshi said, glancing down the long, quiet street. The streetlights hummed, casting long, shaky shadows. “Just a little weird vibe tonight, that's all . This neighborhood gets creepy after dark, not ghetto creepy.”

Maya followed her gaze. “It’s just quiet. That’s all.”

As they stood there talking, a low, strange humming noise started to drift toward them gradually from the back ground . It sounded like an engine sputtering, but uneven, almost wet. It was too light to be a car , or bus.

“What is that sound?” Maya whispered, her tone shifting from playful to cautious playfully trying to show off her new deigner jogging suit and boots.

Yoshi squinted down the road. A figure was approaching rapidly on a scooter, he just looked reckless and out of his mind. It was hard to make out details at first, but the way the rider moved was jerky, unnatural..

“Is that guy okay?” Yoshi murmured. “He’s weaving all over the place, dont tell me he drunk , I got misty falls pd on speed dial .”

Then, as the figure got closer, the horror of the sight hit them both like a physical blow. The rider was pale, almost grey for a black dude , wearing ragged clothes. But it was the eyes that froze Yoshi’s blood. They were glowing a sickly, bright yellow, like hot embers in the gloom. The that instant her blood ran cold, she shook as she fixed her glasses, the fear of being taken and

never seen again like Jason was a real nightmare.

“Oh my God, Maya,” Yoshi breathed, clutching her friend’s arm lighty almost standing behind her taller friend to sheild herself .

The glowing-eyed man wasn't just riding; he was focused entirely on an older woman walking slowly a few yards ahead of him, struggling with two heavy grocery bags. The evil intent was obvious, but the outcome was unclear, the city was known for crime of all varieties.

“Look at his face,” Maya stammered, stepping back toward the wall. “He looks… dead, for real girl,.”

The man on the scooter revved the engine one last time, a guttural, unnatural roar, and then he accelerated straight toward the woman. His head was dipped low and he looked psychotic and asleep at the same time. There was no attempt to swerve or slow down. It was pure, focused aggression crack head or not he was a sight to be seen .

“He’s going to hit her!” Yoshi yelled, her voice cracking.

The attack was swift and brutal. The scooter flew by the woman’s side. She cried out, dropping her bags, groceries scattering across the pavement in a horrifying mess of broken jars and spilled fruit. The man didn't stop. He brought the scooter to a jarring halt right next to her crumpled form, his glowing eyes fixed on her. He made a strange, clicking sound with his mouth.

“That’s not road rage,” Maya gasped, tears welling up. “That’s… that’s one of those Nightbuddies.”

Yoshi’s mind raced, snapping into survival mode. She remembered the hushed, terrified whispers online about the ‘Nightbuddy Zombies’—the ones that weren't slow and shuffling, but fast, fueled by strange energy, and driven by senseless, sudden violence. Voodoo Zombie, they called them sometimes. They just appeared, full of rage, attacking anyone in their path.

“We have to go, right now,” Yoshi insisted, pulling Maya away from the wall. “Don’t look at him.”

Yoshi fumbled for her phone, her hands shaking so badly she almost dropped it. She managed to unlock the screen and dial the emergency taxi number she always kept saved.

The man on the scooter started to lean off his seat, his movements slow but deliberate, like a predator deciding on the next move. His glowing gaze flickered momentarily toward Yoshi and Maya.

“Hello, i said hello ? I need a cab, like right now . Corner of Elm and Fourth. Fast, please and no crappy ones !” Yoshi kept her voice low but urgent into the receiver.

“Yoshi, he saw us!” Maya hissed, pressing herself flat against the brickwork.

“I know, I know. Just stay quiet.”

The zombie-like figure started to push off the ground,

seemingly abandoning the fallen woman to pursue the new targets. The squeal of the scooter tires was high-pitched and frantic as he turned. “somebody stop him the woman yelled from the ground” “thief stop him!”

“Hurry up! He’s coming this way!” Yoshi screamed into the phone.

“Ma’am, my driver is three blocks out,” the dispatcher’s calm voice replied, infuriatingly slow.

The glowing man on the scooter was closing the distance fast. His face was contorted in a silent snarl twisted evil face so ugly it turned the blood cold on sight , revealing too many teeth.

“He’s almost here, Maya! Get ready to run!” Yoshi shouted, shoving her phone into her pocket.

Just as the scooter rounded the final corner separating them, a set of headlights flooded the street. A familiar, slightly beat-up taxi skidded to a halt directly in front of Yoshi and Maya, its door flying open. It was another ride-buddy driver!

“oh heck no, not again, where's our compensation for the first disappearance, ask your CEO where's by brother” the Korean driver shrugged confused. “you want a ride or not?” “heck no! they said in unison” “i heard about them two girl , missing bodies aint cute sweety” the car sped off. “what now?”

a city bus pulled up a minute later while the crazy man was distracted by evening traffic , people pulled out their phones and taped the the yellow eyed lunatic terrorizes the road way.

“Drive! Go! Go!” Yoshi shrieked at the driver. the bus driver shut the door as the two girls rushed to wind phone in hand looking at the voodoo possess man marauding around in broad day light. After being filmed, The man hopped back on his scooter slobbing from the mouth making clicking noises and rode off with the woman's groceries. It was the creepiest crime they had ever seen.

“Did we lose him?” Maya whispered, hugging her knees to her chest.

Yoshi watched until the street was clear, the only light coming from the passing streetlamps. “I think so. But that was too close, Maya. Too close.”

“You knew what it was?” Yoshi asked, her voice trembling with delayed adrenaline.

“We all know what they are,” a woman said , “honey Just stay inside after sunset. These Night buddies things don’t play fair.” they are often caught by law but them more of them pop up at night and disappear by sunset not remembering a dang thing.”